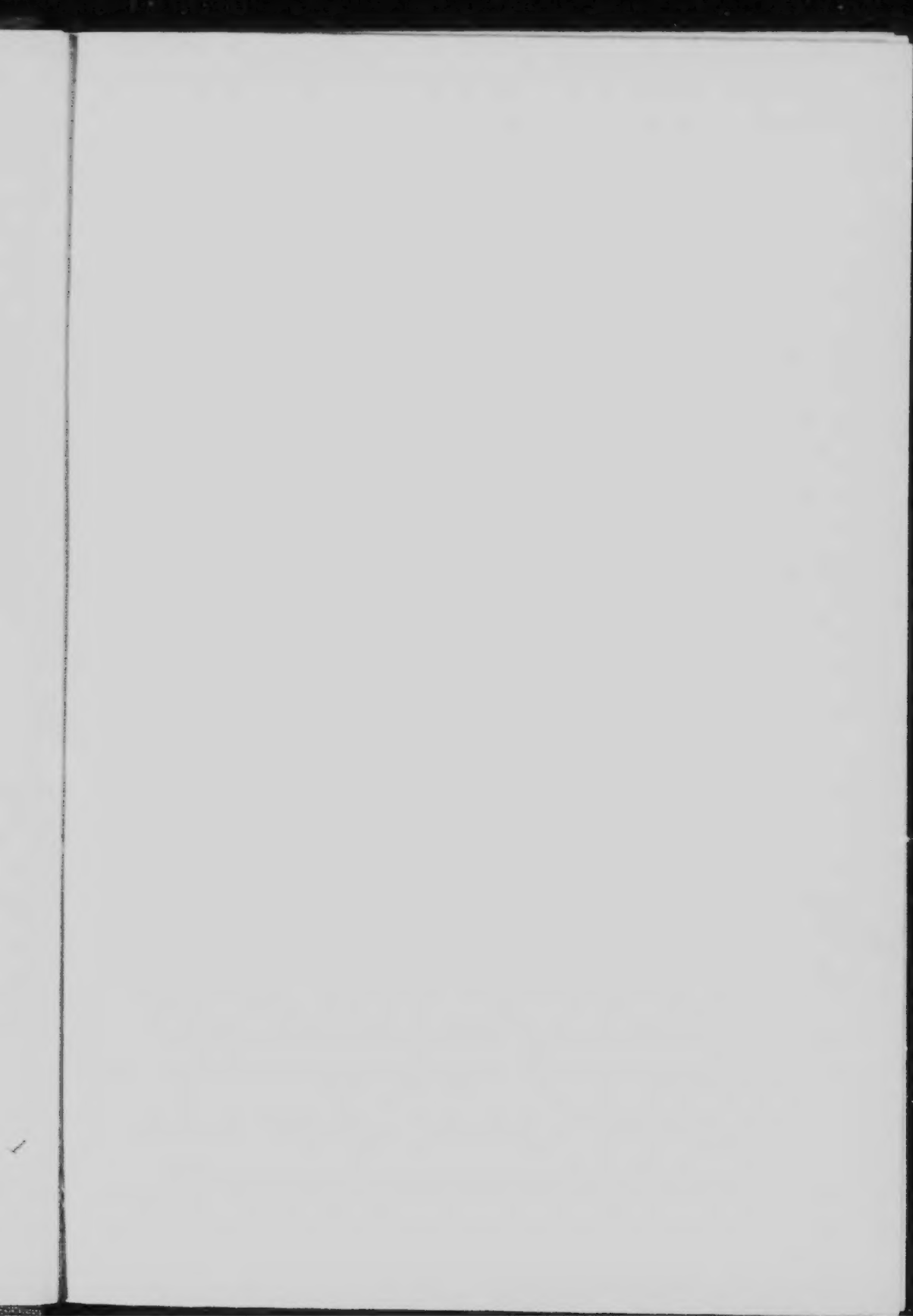


Rhymes and Fancies By a Boy

LIONEL MEREDITH REID



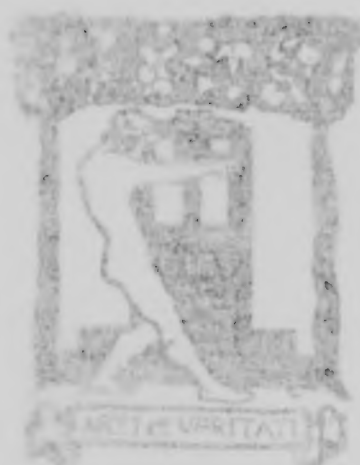




RHYMES
AND FANCIES

BY A BOY

FRANK M. MREDITH REID



BY HARRY G. BADGER

OF WILLIAM PIERSON

HUNTON



RHYMES AND FANCIES

BY A BOY

LIONEL MEREDITH REID



RICHARD G. BADGER

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**TO
MY MOTHER**

FOREWORD

AT the suggestion of the Publisher a few words of an explanatory character are prefaced to these verses.

Lionel Meredith Reid, second son of the Reverend A. J. Reid, was born in Clayton, New York, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, March 15, 1900, his father at that time being rector of the Episcopal Church. When he was about two years old the family returned to Canada, where Mr. Reid accepted the rectorship of Christ Church, Campbellford, with its old-fashioned rectory, large grounds and orchards, overlooking the quaint vine-covered church and the picturesque Trent River. Here Lionel attended the public school till he was eleven and produced most of the verses found in this collection. Some eighteen months ago Mr. Reid was transferred to the rectory of St. Mark's, Toronto, and Lionel is now a pupil in the Western Avenue public school. It may afford some explanation of his creative imagination to say that his grandfathers were both Irishmen, his mother's father being the late E. A. Meredith, LL. D., a distinguished graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who will be remembered in Canada, as being one of the early principals of McGill University, Montreal, and afterwards closely associated with the ad-

ministration of the Federal Government of the Dominion for thirty years either as Under-Secretary of State or Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Lionel's first attempt at versification was at the age of seven and a half, when he brought to his mother on a scrap of wrapping paper, "Jack's Early Morning Scare." Since then till now on the verge of his thirteenth birthday, he has from time to time as the spirit moved him, or his reading or environment suggested, produced these varied rhymes, generally dashed off in a few minutes and brought to his mother, who has preserved the originals in nearly every case.

Four years ago the late Mr. George Murray, B. A. Oxon, F. R. S. C., literary editor of the Montreal Star and the Montreal Standard, thus expressed his opinion of some of the early verses in the Standard of March 27, 1909.

SOME VERSES BY A CANADIAN CHILD

The verses published by the younger Canadian would-be poets are at times far from being satisfactory, and I have sometimes felt pain when, as The Star reviewer, I have felt it my duty to state my opinion, and prove it correct by quotation. Some youthful writers seem to think that everything that is not actually prose must be verse, and accordingly, without any previous study of

the mere elements of poetry, and evidently with no knowledge whatever of the masters of the art they send to press compositions which ought never to be set in type. In saying this I am far from denying that among Canadians there is, no doubt, much latent poetic genius which must in time see light, and I rejoice for the sake of my adopted country that this is so. But that this genius requires careful training, to gain the approval of competent judges, cannot and must not be denied. I recently received from an Anglican Rector in Ontario some specimens of verse written by his little boy, accompanied by a request that I would give my opinion of them. As I have, of course, mentioned no name, I think there can be no harm in letting readers of *The Standard* see a specimen of the verse produced by a child of eight years and a half old. The lines are reproduced exactly as they came from his pen, and are as follows. They are entitled "The Adventure of Princess Beautiful, Prince Charming and Sir James."

"Come for a ride, your Highness!"

"Of course I will, Sir James,
And we'll see the lovely pigeon
That the Princess Beautiful tames.
Why, goodness! There's the pigeon
With a letter in its beak."

"Why, Prince, what is the matter?
Your face looks pale and weak."

"The Princess' letter!" gasped the Prince,
Give it to me, Sir James,
And keep the lovely pigeon
That the Princess Beautiful tames."
Sir James then took the pigeon,
Prince Charming took the letter;
When he'd read it, Sir James did say
That he looked a little better.

"It's just to ask us to go to hunt,"
Said the Prince with a little smile,
"There are two lions not far away,
Perhaps not more than a mile.
So get the spears and guns ready,
And get the horses, too,
And we will have a jolly time,
Though we are just a few.

There are the lions! There are the lions!
They do not see us, James,
Now be careful of the pigeon
That the Princess Beautiful tames."
They have killed one lion—they know they
have—
The other is too tough:
They throw ten spears; then "Hip, hurrah!"
The lion begins to puff.

The lion springs on both Prince and Knight,
And bears them to the ground:
But then the lion falls to earth,
And dies with an awful sound.
The Princess Beautiful has killed it,
And the Prince loved her so well
That, if you had been where they were then,
You'd have heard their Wedding Bell.

GEORGE MURRAY.

This little book is now sent to the Press,
hoping that other children will be entertained
by rhymes, in which one of their number has
voiced some of their fancies.

A. J. R.

St. Mark's Rectory,
Toronto, Canada.

March 5, 1913.

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Earliest Verses, written during September, 1907.

JACK'S EARLY MORNING SCARE

"Jack, come upstairs and go to bed
For it is time to rest your head."

Jack ran upstairs, took off his clothes
But first he had to wipe his nose,

And went to sleep
While people went by driving sheep.

The morning came with its lovely air
Jack got up early and gave them a scare.

SIX LITTLE WISHES

I wish I had a pig with a little curly tail
So it would follow me down to the mail.
I wish I had a hen, a piece of paper and a pen.
I wish I had a mouse in a little round house.
I wish I had a rat I'd make it awful fat
And if I was as tough I think it would be enough.

A LITTLE PIECE

The winds do blow, and sheep do go,
And the blossoms are off the trees,
And the bees have gone, the busy bees,
Sweet hot summer has passed away
And Winter has come but not to stay.

Verses written during 1908

"CALL THE DRUM"

Call the drum, boys, call the drum, boys
 Call the drum!
When the bullets go thickly through the air,
Jack and I are the jolliest pair,
The soldiers have their packets,
And all of them their jackets
Call the drum, boys, call the drum, boys,
 Call the drum!

The soldiers have their caps of red
So lightly set upon their head,
The bugle calls with its mighty call
And the man who blows it is very tall
Call the drum, boys, call the drum, boys,
 Call the drum!

A MORNING SONG

The dew's on the daisy,
The cock he is crowing,
Nobody's lazy,
The mowers are mowing.

The blacksmith is hammering
Cling! Clang! Cling!
The birds are up
And beginning to sing.

The sailors are laughing and joking
And doing their work on the deck,
Each other's ribs they are poking.
And giving a pinch in the neck.

The soldiers are marching to war
Leaving their children at home,
Every one feeling so sore,
That they are obliged to roam.

"A CHRISTMAS SONG"

**Come let us sing, come let us sing,
And presents like the Wise Men bring,
Our gifts are Hymns
And they are to our Lord, our King.**

Verses written during 1909

THE ADVENTURE OF PRINCESS BEAUTI-
FUL, PRINCE CHARMING AND SIR
JAMES

"Come for a ride your Highness."

"Of course, I will, Sir James,
And we'll see the lovely pigeon
That the Princess Beautiful tames
Why goodness! There's the pigeon
With a letter in its beak."

"Why, Prince, what is the matter?
Your face loo' pale and weak."

"The Princess' letter!" gasped the Prince

"Give it to me, Sir James,
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Sir James took the pigeon
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That he looked a little better.

"It's just to ask us to go to hunt,"

Said the Prince with a little smile,

"There are two lions not far away

Perhaps not more than a mile.

So get the spears and guns ready

And get the horses, too,
And we will have a jolly time,
Though we are just a few."

"There are the lions! There are the lions!
They do not see us, James,
Now be careful of the pigeon
That 'he Princess Beautiful tames."
They have killed one lion, they know they
have
The other is too tough
They throw ten spears, then hip hurrah!
The lion begins to puff.

The lion springs on both Prince and Knight
And bears them to the ground
But then the lion falls to earth
And dies with an awful sound.
The Princess Beautiful has killed it
And the Prince loved her so well
That if you had been where they were then
You'd have heard their wedding bell.

AUTUMN

The trees are bending in the wind,
The leaves are falling fast.
The cold drear winter has set in
And summer has gone past.

The lofty pine is sorry for
The dead leaves on the ground,
But he himself has nought to fear
From Jack Frost on his round.

THE BALLAD OF SIR ROLAND AND SIR HUGH

The moon was brightly shining,
The stars were very light,
When out into the moonbeams
There stepped a lonely knight.

His charger was a white one,
And on his golden hair
He wore a golden helmet,
His face was young and fair.

The moon turned sick and ghastly,
The stars they lost their light,
When out into the darkness
There stepped another knight.

I think I will not speak to you
About this awful knight,
But I know that he was ugly
And very hard to fight.

They fought because of glory
For Glory, Glory great!
And in that battle gory
They fought till it was late.

And when 'twas found that neither
 Could thus the other slay,
They wiped the sweat from off their brows
 Fair Roland then did say:—

“I trow 'tis proved we're equals,”
 Sir Hugh laughed loud and long.
“We both belong to England
 So now let's sing a song.”

*Verses composed during 1910, and published for
the family in a Child's Paper "Teddy White,"
edited by himself.*

THE SAD FATE OF JIMMY GORY

I had a very nice young friend
His name was Jimmy Gory,
And as I liked him very much
I think I'll tell his story.

Alas, it is a sad one
This story of his fate.
I hardly like to tell it
At this very fearful rate.

As I said it is a sad one
This story of my friend,
(I haven't got a kerchief
Have you got one to lend?)

But the moral of my story
Is to give and not receive,
To never eat green apples,
And 'tis lastly not to grieve.

Verses Composed during 1911

THE CAPTAIN'S DEATH

The Captain was dead the doctors had said,
All the regiment mourned his loss,
While the death-dealing shells were whirling
round
They laid him down on the moss.

They laid him down on the moss and wept,
Those soldiers strong and brave,
Then through the powdery hazy air
A ringing cheer they gave.

A ringing cheer they gave and dashed
Upon the Russians stern,
Right through the awful ranks they tore
Like falcon killing hern.

Like falcon killing hern they dashed
To avenge their noble leader,
And cut the Russians down that day,
Like weeds cut by the weeder.

But many a mother mourned her son,
And many a sister her brother,
And the Captain was dead and never again
Could his place be filled by another.

Could his place be filled by another man,
Who was strong enough to stand,
Against six thousand Russians
With so few men at hand.

TO THE SPARROW

Little valiant happy bird,
Thou art spurned by most,
But I love thee little chirper,
'Tis no empty boast.

Bold thou art when fair aroused
By the black-plumed robber,
Thou dost often beat him sore,
The proud and haughty mobber.

When the naughty squirrel comes
Down upon thy nest,
Thou dost often make him think,
Discretion is the best.

Thou hast many enemies,
Some thou'dst better shun,
But of friends thou hast still more
Of the last I'm one.

(May, 1911.)

THE CHARGE

Blow, bugler brave! ring out the notes,
The British bugle blow.
While gallant scarlet warriors
File onward row on row.

Roll out the drum! bold drummer lad,
Like thunder make it sound.
The cavalry all clad in grey,
Are dashing o'er the ground.

But what is yonder great black cloud
Lying darkly 'neath the sun?
That is the Russian Army, lad,
All gathered like as one.

The battle rages fierce and strong
What is it now we see?
Great men in black are running fast,
'Tis for their lives they flee.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the Russian wolves
Are stricken down like sheep.
We Britons sing and laugh with joy,
The Russians do but weep.

A CHRISTMAS VERSE

O'er all the world the chimes are rung,
Oh! sweetly do they ring.
The Hymns by all the choirs are sung,
Oh! sweetly do they sing.
And all the earth to praise gives tongue,
The praise of Christ our King.

Verses Composed during 1912

A WAR SONG

Gird on thine iron coat of mail
Thy buckler and thy sword.
Be foremost in the struggle
For Freedom, King and Lord.

Fight on, the tyrant's bonds shall break,
His chains shall burst asunder.
The very cannon speak of fame,
While belching forth their thunder.

Fight on, no more shall we be slaves,
And bondsmen, nay no more.
For Freedom is our cause, and free,
We'll be from shore to shore.

"For King and Lord," "For King and Lord"
Our watchword it shall be,
With paling face the foe doth watch,
With quaking hearts they flee.

From ocean unto ocean
Pursue we with the sword,
And ever shall our watchword be
"For Freedom, King and Lord."

"CASTLES IN THE AIR"

Far from the busy throbbing world,
Far from its torturing care,
Are those entrancing mansions
"The castles in the air."

Alas but few are strongly built,
Few have foundations laid,
Their one-time splendour vanishes,
They crumble and they fade.

The castles of the mighty,
The castles of the low,
Are brought to earth; their glory
Is lessened, fast or slow.

Think of the hopes that on them rest,
The hopes which all must fall.
The bricks decay, the mortar rots,
They crumble one and all.

THE DRUMMER LAD

Not the Colonel, nor the Captain
Of the regiment was he,
Of the regiment from Abershire,
The gallant Forty-three,
But just a little drummer lad
In scarlet coat arrayed,
In scarlet coat and trousers blue,
And on his drum he played
"Rat tat, rat tat too,
Rat tat too."

'Tis just a little drummer lad,
Laid low upon the ground,
In his stiffened hand the stick is clenched
That stick gives forth no sound.
While shot and shell burst round about,
The Captain sadly said,
As he glanced upon the little form,
"Our drummer boy is dead."
"Rat tat, rat tat too,
Rat tat too."

Eftsoon the fight was over,
They sought among the dead,
They sought and found his mangled form
Shot through the breast and head,
And many a tear was in an eye,
When they saw his little drum,
They knew no more they'd hear him play
For them to go and come:—
“Rat tat, rat tat too,
Rat tat too.”

Composed during 1913

THE QUEEN OF SPRING

Hold! cease your clamour, tempests of the north,
The mighty Queen of Spring is coming forth
 In beauty drest.
With loving hand she decks the naked trees,
Hark! hear them murm'ring in the gentle breeze
 From out the West.

Your day is o'er, back to your frozen home
Of wondrous palaces, of crystal dome,
 And glittering spire.
The icy North with joy will meet you there,
While here awaits the Queen of Spring so fair,
 A welcome higher.

All nature wakens as with lightning wings
She nearer draws; how sweet the robin sings,
 How sweet the air!
O'er all the land there hangs a wistful haze
All hail the bearer of these springtime days,
 The Spring Queen fair!

A TOAST

Was there iver such a fellow
As Joseph Henry Bellow,
A trooper in the Tiger's Light Brigade?
I'm sure I'm not mistaken,
But in years to come he's makin'
Fame and fortune with his courage and his
 'olade
As a Captain in the Tiger's Light Brigade.

Was there iver such a Briton?
Well you ought to see him hittin'
At the cursin' growlin' gunners of the foe,
Slashin', choppin', woundin', stunnin',
Till he sets the spalpeens runnin',
Was there iver such a chap as 'ero Joe
No there wasn't, nor there niver will be, No!

*The following lines were written before dressing
one December morning after a sleepless night during
which a friend and neighbor lay between life and
death.*

NIGHT AND DAY

The stifling silence of the gloomy night,
Contrasting strongly with the hours of light,
Is like unto the Angels Death and Life.

The darkness slowly gathering dark and drear,
Is like life's end, death drawing near,
The man departs in peace, above.

Then once again the dawn when bright it breaks
Is like a new-born child when first he wakes,
And growing as the brightness, quickly grows to
man.

THE FALL OF TYRANT TURKEY

NOTE:—*This little play is a parody of human life. The characters are supposed to be people.*

The Principal Characters

THE GAMECOCK.....The hero
THE GANDER AND DRAKE.....Villains
THE TURKEY.....The tyrant
THE ROOSTER.....The hero's friend
HENS, COCKERELS, etc.

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE. The farm yard. The Gamecock, the Gander and the Drake are gathered together, talking.

Gamecock (pointing to Turkey who is in the distance)

Ah, there he goes, the proud and haughty fool!
Shall we, his equals, cringe beneath his rule?
Or shall we overthrow his lawless power,
And claim our rights this very noon-day hour?

Gander

And who shall be the sovereign then, my friend?
Who shall be he before whom we must bend?

Gamecock

Thou dullard! use thy small and foolish brain,
And hark! *I* will in nearing future reign!

Drake (angrily)

You knave, if anyone shall be the king
'Twill not be you—you gaudy feathered thing!

Gander (aside)

Come, comrade, let us teach the rogue his place,
His silver tongue—ah, welcome here, your Grace.

Turkey (just coming up)

How now! why all these angry words and eyes,
Why fight (*turning to Gander and Drake*) with
one so weak and small of size?

Drake

Oh, King, that wicked creature standing there
To overthrow thy rule, to us did swear,
But we determined to frustrate his schemes.
And put to flight his vain and wicked dreams.

Turkey (calling guards)

Here, take this villain to the deepest cell,
He is a dangerous rebel, guard him well.

(*Gamecock attempts to expostulate but is led off,
struggling*)

Turkey

I've heard them say he is the Master's pride,
I trow 'twill not be so when he hath died.
For when a thing is laid within the grave,
The man forgets the pleasures that it gave.

Drake (pretending to be horrified)

What! think, sire, what in wrath you chance
to say
Surely you will not take his life away!

Turkey

It must be so. My crown and life's at stake.
Now farewell, Gander, fare thee well, good Drake!
(*Exit Turkey*)

Drake

I thought that he was wise, he is a fool,
Hark, comrade, we will use him as our tool.
When he has killed our enemy, the cock,
He will be executed on the block,
The Master loves not those who kill his stock,
Thus we shall be well ridded of both foes
And then the power of ruling to us goes!

Gander (admiringly)

Thou, Drake, my friend, a wondrous schemer art.
I see thy plans. I'll try to act my part.

(*Exit Gander and Drake.*)

FALL OF CURTAIN

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE. The farm yard. Rooster is addressing the hens and cocks.

Rooster

He lies within a dungeon, cold and dark,
For aught we know the last remaining spark,
Of life has almost altogether fled
Perhaps our only champion is dead.

Cockerel (bursting in)

Ho! comrades, come the warders are asleep,
E'en now they rest in slumber calm and deep.
Come to the Gamecock's rescue e'er they wake.
Make haste! The king, at dawn his life will
take!

Rooster

Come, friends, the night is drawing to an end,
How many here the Gamecock will befriend?
(*Everybody steps forward*)

Rooster (addressing hens)

Nay, wait you here—come, friends, let us away,
We'll rescue him before the dawn of day.
(*Exit all but hens*)

(*In a few moments they bring Gamecock*)

Gamecock (listening)

They're on my track! Come let us fly away,
For if we're caught 'twill be a sorry day.

Rooster

Aye, hasten, they are drawing near,
Their cries and shouts I plainly hear,
And shortly now they will appear!

(Exit everyone)

*(Guards appear soon after but after gazing angrily
around they leave, beaten.)*

(Exit Guards.)

CURTAIN

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE. Hayloft, slightly resembling a court.
The Turkey is sitting on a box-throne and the
Gander and Drake stand beside. A messenger
suddenly bursts in and hands Turkey a letter.

Turkey (reading it)

What! have they let the villain fly away?
Then, by my head, the guards shall rue this day.
Ho sirrah, send the varlets here, at once,
Their heads shall pay the forfeit—haste, thou
dunce.

(Exit messenger hastily)

Gander

He is a dangerous rebel, this, O King,
It would be best—when caught— to let him swing.

Drake (with a harsh laugh)

Or better still, to cut away his head,
For then we could be *sure* that he was dead.

Turkey

You two, are very quick to make a jest,
And of my friends I know you are the best

Drake (aside) Donkey!

(*Aloud:*) Yes, sire, we are the most sincere of
friends,
And only Death, which friendship always rends,
Can take us from you.

(*Gander laughs immoderately*)

Turkey (angrily)

Why are you laughing at so wrong a place?
Be careful, friend, and try subdue that face,
Or else thou'lt lose it for all time to come,
And then thy cackling laughter will be dumb.

(*At this critical moment messenger appears*)

Messenger (sarcastically)

Your Grace, the guards refuse to you obey,
And even now they all have gone away
To join the rebel Gamecock's swelling force,
And, Tyrant, to him I will go of course.

(*He shakes his fist exultingly and leaves.*)

Turkey (leaping from throne)

The knaves! The traitors! oh the treacherous
hounds.

My head! their insolence has burst all bounds!

*(He turns to Gander and Drake, who are crouching
in terror.)*

And you, will you too, join this villain's band?

Get up, you cowards, where are those tongues so
grand?

Drake (to Gander)

There is no course to choose but this, I fear,

(Aloud:) es sire, we still will stay beside you here.

Turkey (pacing to and fro)

Here! no we must not hide within this court

'T will neither be a refuge, nor a fort,

But let us seek the open fields outside,

And there, or 'mid the corn-stalks we may hide.

Against me, friends, is turned the hand of Fate;

But Fate and Fortune favour him I hate!

(Exit)

CURTAIN

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE. The farm yard. The Gamecock surrounded by everybody is proceeding to the barn.

Rooster

Your day of triumph hast at last arrived,
Your foes are vanquished but you have survived.
But what is that I see, look yonder—there!
It is the guards—come, friends, let us prepare
To meet them for they seem of hostile air.

Gamecock

Nay, look, their leader bears a flag of white,
They come on friendly errand—not to fight.
(*Guards appear with a white flag*)

Leader (bowing deferentially)

We come, O King, to join you and your men,
The tyrant's fled—you'll see him ne'er again,
Gone are those lying knaves he calls his friends,
And all the world of creatures to you bends.

Gamecock (aside)

How strange it is—the iron hand of Fate.
It pulls the lowest to the best and great.
How soon those feeble warders change their
course,
And leave the losing for the gaining force!
(*Aloud*) I thank you, warders, for your help
and aid,
Where was it that the former monarch stayed?

Leader

The castle court is high above our home
We will conduct your grace if you will come.
(*Guards form an escort. Exit*)

(*The Turkey, Gander and Drake appear on the stage bent with weariness.*)

Turkey

Woe's me! from this day forth my life shall be,
Like as a stricken vessel out at sea.
Tossed to and fro, a helpless, friendless thing,
Yet but an hour ago I was the *King*.

Gander (repentfully)

We are two utter devils, comrade Drake,
Two lying scoundrels of the vilest make,
Will we deceive the wretched creature still,
Or shall we tell him all! we must, we *will*.

Drake

Nay, nay, what other line is there to choose?
When told he will be like a fiend let loose.
A wretch you say? but harken, what are we?
Besides, what other friend in life have we?
You've heard the saying "birds alike in feather,
Are always known to meet and flock together!"

Gander

You're right, I fear. Since we have sunk so low,
We cannot raise ourselves—come, let us go.

*(They call to Turkey, who has been sitting dis-
mally in a corner). Exit.*

CURTAIN

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE. Gamecock's force are resting. They
are getting ready to go forward, when a cock
rushes in.

Cock

Back! Back! there is a gruesome sight before.
The traitors, Drake and Gander, lie in gore.
Their headless bodies lie beside the block,
And soon the sure and death-deciding knock
Shall stretch the Tyrant Turkey on the ground.
Back! Back! I say, or we shall all be found!

Rooster

No, no, our useless lives they do not seek,
But soon there comes—some day this coming
week,
A dinner, so I heard the Master speak,

At which they need three plump and hearty fowls.
There are the three. Ah, harken to his howls!
(*Turkey is screaming*)

Gamecock

Poor wretch. His life of tyranny is o'er,
And we shall feel his cruel hand no more,
And those deep villains—gone are all their
schemes,
At one quick blow are dashed away their dreams.

Rooster

You have no cause to pity them, my lord,
They would have stopp'd your life by but a word,
If such could be the case—and by my head,
I am at least right glad that they are dead.
(*Everybody applauds*)

Gamecock

Come, let us turn our faces from this sight,
And end our journey e'er the start of night.
(*Exit everyone*)

CURTAIN

ACT THE SIXTH AND LAST

SCENE. The hayloft. The Gamecock is on
the throne. Everybody is present.

Gamecock (rising)

My friends, I have but risen from the ranks,
I am but one of you—mayhap the clanks
Of chains might still sound on my prisoned form,
Or, hanging on the gallows, gale and storm
Might sweep my lifeless body to and fro,
The victim of my former haughty foe.
Instead I am the monarch of the land,
And, friends, one thing from you I must demand,
In all the country round all crime and vice
Must leave the land, and since to me the dice
Has thrown so well, all fowls must own my sway,
And help me sweep all deeds of wrong away.

(Clapping of wings)

Rooster

I speak, I know, for every creature here,
We will obey you. Comrades, give an ear,
And list to me. Know ye our lives are short?
That sometime we must leave the field and court?
That we must, sometime, leave the grassy field,
And to a higher being than us yield?
Then, why not let our lives though short be sweet,
Until the time we all be killed for meat?
The man may think we are bereft of brain,
Now, let us show him his mistake, this reign.

Gamecock

Now let me thank you all. You've been most
kind,

I also will do much for you, I bind
Myself as strongly as I was before,
To do the right—and I can do no more.

CURTAIN FALLS

LIONEL REID,
February, 1913.

